

## **Remember** by **DaNextDarkLord**

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**Summary:** 28 years later, a new cycle, the Losers almost remember.

## Remember

**So this is set either 2012 or 2013, roughly 28 years after IT was killed. I'm guessing IT's kids survived or something, due to a little mention of a silver-eyed clown in the Tommyknockers. Enjoy**

Michael Hanlon woke with a sense of unease. For a minute, he swore he was back in his home town. Derry.

*Derry? What... I can't remember.*

The memories faded into an incoherent blur of an old library, a Cape Cod house with a neat garage, and a more puzzling image of a dog. *Mr Chips*. The nonsensical name bounced around his skull, then disappeared. The feeling grew stronger, until Mike was curled on his bed, sweat beading his forehead.

An overwhelming feeling of dread welled up, then was gone just as quickly, taking with it all the half-memories, leaving only a lingering discomfort. It would be a while before Mike fell asleep again without being haunted by dreams of a bird...

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Richie Tozier was at a party. Not the wild parties of his youth, ridden with drugs and alcohol, but a snooze-worthy business oriented "party", trying to reclaim the reputation of KLAD. Really, it was time to retire that station; it would be a mercy killing, after 28 years. Richie had moved up in the world, no longer a DJ – too old, too "stuck in the past". Ironical really, considering he couldn't even remember the past. Sometimes, when he saw a young boy with an inhaler or a girl whose red hair shone in the sunlight, there would be a connection; he would think "Eds" or "Bevvie", but the names meant less and less with time.

Now, though, that connection was back, and stronger than ever. He couldn't concentrate on the conversations of the other execs, his stomach twisting and his contacts starting to irritate his eyes. He made an unconscious gesture, pushing up glasses that were no longer there. One of the men in the group cracked a joke, the rest laughed

uproariously, as if it was actually funny and they weren't sucking up to their superiors. Or maybe it was actually funny; the man might have gotten off a good one, having some good chucks. *Where did that come from?*

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Beverly Marsh whipped her head around, ignoring the protests from her neck. No one was there to make the sound she heard. A cold shiver worked its way down her spine, slowly and languidly as a cat rising from the hearth. A tight feeling settled in her insides, constricting her breathing. Her right hand went to her cheek of its own accord, and pulled away as if scalded. The pressure *hurt*, as if there was a bruise there that was beginning to heal. *Impossible*. Nothing had hurt her, *no one* had hurt her, not since... when? When did she ever live in fear of pain and harm? Ben wouldn't ever hurt her, but maybe before? It was hard to remember. She knew she'd met Ben in 1985, a long time ago, but it felt like longer - like they'd known each other all their lives.

*Winter fire. She was still scared. January embers. Where did the scar on her arm come from? My heart burns. What happened?*

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Benjamin Hanscom was watching a documentary on wrestling. Not really his choice, just some background noise. He was drifting in and out of a doze, mind filled with images of a glass passage, radiating light to the cold frozen city around it. People walked through, looking other-worldly bathed in golden light, a sharp contrast to the snowy ground. He was snapped out of his mental fog by something from the TV. A name, perhaps forgotten by the modern world. Definitely forgotten by himself. William Calhoun. Haystack. *Okay, so I heard it when I was a kid or something.*

Ben pitched forward, wrapping his arms around his middle, almost expecting to be stopped halfway by a pudgy belly. Pain radiated from his navel. Ben rocked back, clawing at his shirt to see what happened. A cut, often commented on but never explained, burned as clear and new as if it had been made a week ago. A jagged, misshapen "H" etched into his skin.

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Bill Denbrough dropped his book. Audra, still beautiful even in her later years, looked at him with concern. Bill smiled at her, tried to explain he just remembered something. The meaning of it, he wasn't sure, but surely the paper boat was just something from a forgotten childhood. He opened his mouth to reassure her, but the words stuck in his throat, causing an explosive stuttering to burst from his lips. He silenced, looking at his wife in puzzlement. He hadn't stuttered in years, hadn't even thought about it. His mind resorted to an old trick, trying to translate the sentence into French. *C'est d'accord. It's okay.*

Instead, another phrase rose unbidden to the front of his mind. *He thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts.*

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In Derry, Maine, newly repaired and recovered, the heavens opened, flooding the town once more...

All five remaining Losers looked at their hands and bit back a gasp. Bloody red cuts decorated their palms.